THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 27, 1807.

*Authentic Particulars of the Fall of Mount Ruffi or Ruffiberg, in Switzerland, together with Observations on the Causes and Consequences of that disastrous Event.**

SEVERAL accounts of this awful catastrophe have already appeared in this and other countries, but they are, for the most part, incomplete, many of them being exceedingly incorrect, and none of them containing any precise enquiries respecting the probable causes that produced it. To elucidate this important subject, M. Saussure examined on the spot, with philosophical accuracy, every thing that could tend to the establishment of such facts as might give confidence to the inhabitants of mountainous countries, who, from deceitful appearances, might apprehend a similar misfortune; and that should excite others to retire from situations exposed to real and impending danger.

The place in which this dreadful calamity happened, is in the canton of Schwitz, situated between the lakes of Zug and Lowertz, on two sides, and the mountains of Ruffiberg and Rosi on the others. Here, says a person writing on the spot, but three weeks ago, was one of the most delightfully fertile valleys of all Switzerland, green and luxuriant, adorned with several little villages, full of secure and happy farmers. Now three of these villages are for ever effaced from the earth, and an extended desolation, burying alive several hundred peasants, overspreads the valley of Lowertz.

* This account is partly translated from an able memoir presented by M. T. Saussure to the philosophical society at Geneva; partly from the narrative of M. J. H. Meyer; and partly from the published observations of other eye-witnesses.

Early in the evening of the 2d of September, an immense projection of the mountain of Ruffiberg gave way, and was precipitated into this valley. In four minutes it completely overwhelmed three villages, and parts of two others. The torrent of earth and stones was more rapid than that of lava, and its effects as irresistible and terrible. The mountain in its tremendous descent carried trees, rocks, houses, every thing before it. The mass spread in every direction, so as to bury completely a space of charming country more than three miles square. The force of the earth was so great, that it not only spread over the hollow of the valley, but even ascended to a considerable height on the side of the opposite mountain. A portion of the falling mass rolled into the lake of Lowertz, and it has been calculated that a fifth part of it is filled up. On this lake are two small islands, celebrated for their picturesque beauty: of these one is famous for the residence of two hermits, who were fortunately absent on a visit when this event took place; the other has been long known on account of the remains of an ancient castle, once belonging to the house of Hapsburg. So large was the body of water raised, and pushed forward by the falling of such a mass into the lake, that the two islands, and the whole village of Seven, at the northern extremity, were for a time completely overwhelmed by the swell. A large house was lifted from its foundations, and carried to a distance from the spot where it formerly stood.

Mountains, by the action of water, air, and frost, have universally a tendency to dissolution, and being reduced to their original particles, return to the bottom of the sea whence they probably arose; and where, perhaps, they are formed anew.

The decomposition generally operates by such slow degrees as to escape observation; but on some occasions it announces itself by sudden separations which overwhelm a whole country, annihilating the inhabitants, and leaving nothing behind but the image of disorder and destruction.

The almost spontaneous decompositions that have happened in different countries, manifest that mountains which seem to announce an approaching fall, by a too great inclination of their layers, and by a want of unity in their parts, do not form flakes capable of laying waste on a sudden the neighbouring country, if they do not vary in their state of aggregation and in their composition. These undoubtedly produce calcareous dribblings, but their fall in general is successive and almost regular; we can daily observe the effects, and are able before-hand to shelter ourselves from them; thus the frequent decompositions which have happened in Mont Blanc, and the steep hill near it, have not been attended with any serious catastrophe to the inhabitants of that country.

But

But if the composition of a mountain varies, if one or more hard and inclined layers succeed layers, which are tender and susceptible of being decomposed by water, the hard layers remain entire whilst that which is below wastes away. In consequence of this waste a space totally void, or filled with soft and incoherent matter, forms itself in the interior of the mountain. The upper layer being whole, but wanting a point of support, separates and sinks down at once in all points. It takes the place of the decomposed layer, and rolls to the foot of the mountain with a velocity proportionate to its degree of inclination, and to the motion acquired in the act of sinking. Such is nearly a sketch of the causes which produced the fall of the Diablerets, of Mount Chede, near Servoz, and lastly of Mount Ruffi, or Ruffiberg.

This mountain, which is also called Rossberg, or Rosenberg, contains several parishes and estates; but these divisions are arbitrary, and not determined by any natural cut or division; that the names of Gnippe, Spitzbuhl, Steinerberg, and Rossberg, which have been given, with certain relations to the drifted mountain, are only different pastures of Ruffiberg, through which the drifted sections have passed. Besides, this last name is adopted in preference to that of Rossberg, lest it should be taken for Rotzberg, a mountain of a very different appearance in the neighbourhood of Stantz.

Ruffiberg, according to M. Ebel, is elevated eight hundred and six toises above the sea, and five hundred and eighty-six toises above the lake of Zug, or the lower part of the vale of Arth, into which this mountain is partly fallen. This vale, rich in pasture, is a league and a half in length, and a quarter of a league in breadth, at its western extremity, towards Arth, a village situated on the border of the lake of Zug, and half a league at its opposite extremity towards the lake of Lowertz.

Ruffiberg is composed of layers of mixt stone, and layers of freestone, which descend towards the bottom of the valley of Arth, in a direction parallel to the slope of the mountain, and making an inclined angle of twenty-five degrees.

The similarity that predominates in the composition and arrangement of Rigi and Ruffiberg, led M. Ebel, and Escher, to suppose that these two mountains were formerly united; for they are both composed of stones, rounded by the action of water, and of sand united by a cement partly calcareous and partly argillaceous, which is very often of a red colour. This cement, which is pretty hard, becomes destroyed in time by the action of the air and of water, and the surface of the rock then has the appearance of a worn pavement. The pebbles of which it is formed, are chiefly of a yellowish green, and have rough and compact fractures of secondary calcareous stones, apparently without any petrifactions. Here are also

found secondary petrosilex, quartz, red jasper, reddish free-stone, and lastly granite; but the last is scarce, always of a red colour, and might be easily mistaken for porphyry. It is remarkable that all these stones bear no relation to the stones of the neighbouring mountains which are calcareous, blue, and have a lamellated or saline grain; and it is likewise singular that in bulk they never exceed seven or eight inches square.

The revolution which has heaped into this place such an enormous quantity of pebbles, rolled probably from a distance, has been followed by a subsequent revolution, which has brought upon these mixtures, and into the bottom of the vale, large blocks of granite, similar to those found on Jura and Saleve. Similar ones are to be met with on Mount Rigi, even at the height of two hundred toises above the lake of Lucerne, in ascending this mountain on the side of Weggis. Some are also to be seen on Ruffiberg, at the height of eighty toises between the village of St. Anne, and the hamlet of Buachen, near the lake of Lowertz. They are here so accumulated, as to exclude every other kind of stones, and it would be impossible not to think one's self on a soil purely granatic, were one not diverted from this opinion by a general inspection of the country. These blocks are always detached. Their presence being solely limited to the lower parts of the mountain, their green or white colour, and their large size, indicate that they never enter, and never have entered, into the composition of the mixt layers.

The separation and falling of Ruffiberg took place at five o'clock in the evening. It was the consequence of the rain which fell abundantly in this country throughout the summer, and particularly during the four and twenty hours preceding the 2d of September. It had however ceased before twelve at noon; and at the moment of the catastrophe, it was quite clear.

This event was not caused by the fall of the summit of the mountain on the inferior parts, but by an entire bed of layers, which, from the base, up to the summit of Ruffiberg, (being one hundred feet thick, one thousand feet wide, and nearly a league in length) was separated from the lower layers, and slid parallel to their planes, into the bottom of the valley, with a rapidity inconceivable for such trifling inclination.

The peasant who conducted M. Saussure in his excursion on this mountain, had been an eye-witness to the spectacle. He resided in the direction of the drifted section at Ober-Rothen, a hamlet situated on the declivity of Ruffiberg; was engaged in cutting some wood near his house, and within six or seven paces from the place where the drifted section passed. He heard on a sudden a noise like a thunder-storm, and at the same time

time felt under his feet a kind of trembling. He instantly quitted the place, but had scarce proceeded four or five paces, before he was thrown down by a current of air. He got up immediately. The devastation was begun, the tree which he had cut down, the house he had inhabited, every thing disappeared, and he saw, according to his own expression, a new creation. An immense cloud of dust that immediately succeeded, threw a veil over the whole country.

Some accounts relate that this catastrophe had been attended with flame and a sulphureous smell. But the most credible witnesses perceived nothing of the kind. Some colliers were burning charcoal on the road which the sliding section took; and it is possible that the sudden dispersion of their ignited heaps might have produced an appearance of flame.

(To be continued)

TEMPEST *of* HAIL.

THE following account of an extraordinary tempest of hail, in the parish of Llawraid, is extracted from a manuscript preserved in the British Museum:—

"Anno 1556. 26 July was such tempest of rane and healstones in the pish of Llauriad that the like was never seene before, biger than tennis balls, and beate downe the corne and brake the straw all to peeces, that they had no good of the corne, in hope that God would send them corne next yeare after, for that yeare they had none: and the same day came the Lord Lumley, and my lady his wife, the daughter to Henry earl of Arundell, to Whitlington, and the morrow after to the towne of Oswestree, and there did make merry all that day, because 2 and 3 of kinge Phillip and Mary."

POSTCRIPT

TO

THE RING,

A Moral Tale.

(Continued from Page 566.)

THE rooms were crowded, and Lord Grandfield took a turn or two before he discovered the countess; but when he did, heavens; what were his sensations! She was engaged at picquet with Colonel O'Lurch'em, one of the most vicious and dissipated

dissipated characters of the age. If any thing could be said to surpass the colonel's passion for play, or rather avarice, it was his passion for women, to which even his avarice would give way. The *married* dame was the only game he pursued. By the help of a pack of cards he would sap and undermine the virtue of any woman in the circles of fashion. He had studied gaming as a science, and had become such an adept, by the instructive lessons he had received from his brothers of the black-leg fraternity, that his art in shuffling, cutting, dealing, &c. was unquestionable, and he could dispose the cards exactly as he pleased. Whilst a lady had money to stake, he made no scruple of cheating her out of the last guinea, and when that was gone, was still so much the man of honour to give her a chance, at least, of change of fortune in her favour, by playing upon credit as much as she pleased, saying with an insinuating smile, "If my fair opponent should not retrieve her losses, which, in all probability, she will, she may add to them without fear of encountering a merciless creditor." But as it never came to our knowledge that any lady had actually retrieved her losses this way, but the contrary, we can only speak as to the mode the colonel pursued when repeated losses put his generosity to the text. On such occasions he would observe a very respectful distance; if the cash came voluntarily either in a full payment, or by instalments, he pocketed the booty without remorse; but if a lady was tardy, he would, after a proper time, drop her a line, couched in the most respectful terms, requesting she would have the goodness to inform him when it might be convenient to call on my *lord*, or *Sir John*, to settle the trifle between them?

This menace, for such it was intended, seldom failed of the desired effect. A husband is but an awkward restive sort of animal for a wife to make a confident of, respecting a play debt. In fine, it is not to be done; much better send for the colonel, and request forbearance; he cannot but be more of a gentleman than to distress the lady. Thus the lady reasons with herself, and this is the very point of reasoning he wishes her to come to; had he solicited an interview with the fair debtor herself, or had boldly intruded into her dressing-room on a morning, though with other company, her suspicions might have awoke to her own danger; but now she is thrown off her guard; it is the *creditor*, and not the lover that importunes; and to ward off the blow, in preventing his seeing her husband, she is under the necessity of giving him a meeting herself; and when once a gentleman has the honour of being admitted privately to a lady's dressing-room, it generally rests with himself the repetition of visits in future. Certain it was, that fame had been very busy with the character of the colonel,

nel, and very busy too with the character of every young married woman, who had, by means of a pack of cards, fallen a victim to his unparalleled finesse and address. The first hunted down the game, and the latter secured it: for in the multiplicity of intrigues, it was said he had been engaged in, not one injured husband (such was his circumspection) had obtained either damage or divorce, or even proof sufficient to ground an action on. But "suspicions," we will not say "light as air," had snapt asunder the bonds of affection, with many a wedded pair, and many a deluded wife, through his means, had been left to the comforts of a *separate maintenance*, and the world's neglect, where he never failed to leave them to the full enjoyment of their own feelings.

It is not to be wondered at then that Lord Grandfield should be rouzed to displeasure at seeing the countess engaged with such company.

He walked hastily up to the table, and with a countenance in which anger and contempt were strongly depicted, made a very cool, and a sort of forced bow to the colonel; then turning to his lady, with a very significant look, asked if she was not tired of play? Her ladyship was too much engaged with her hand to attend to either. The cards had been discarded on both sides, and her ladyship, being first hand, named her point. Six cards, headed by a tierce-major—"Not good."

"Not good!" replied her ladyship, with some surprise, and began to examine the cards she had discarded.

"I will save your ladyship the trouble," returned the colonel, "you have six cards in spades, mine in diamonds are better, a *sixieme*."

"Well, Sir, three aces are good?"

"Pardon me, Madam, I have *fourteen* tens."—and throwing his cards on the table, declared *point, quint*, and *quatorze*.

The countess, with difficulty, stifled her chagrin; she had lost very considerably indeed, and was then playing deeply on credit; but as his lordship was present, endeavoured to force a smile, saying, as she took up the cards to deal, fortune must change in her favour soon, or she would lose her usual fickleness. "Probably she may, Madam," replied his lordship, gravely, "but I must request you will oblige me, by making no further attempt in courting her favours at present." With this he left the table, casting a very disdainful look at the colonel, (which it was not convenient for that gentleman to observe) and another of anger at her ladyship, which she made no other reply to than a—pshaw!

His lordship felt extremely hurt, and after watching some time, and it not appearing that the countess meant to leave the card table, he stepped aside, and hastily sketched a few lines with his pencil, entreating her in affectionate terms, if she valued

lued his peace, or her own reputation, to quit the company of the colonel; to return home with him then, or make some excuse to decline play for the evening. This he contrived to slip unperceived into her hand, and which proved as ineffectual as his other remonstrances. Her ladyship played on as if fate had determined, and hurried her on by an irresistible impulse, to seal her ruin that very night. The mild and pacific temper of Lord Grandfield could no longer brook the provocation; much as he had had cause to condemn in her past conduct, he was never so thoroughly exasperated as now; and fearing passion might get the better of prudence, he very properly withdrew, leaving her ladyship to her own guidance, with the most dangerous sharper in the kingdom, and almost careless as to the consequences.

The capricious dame, it seems, was in one of her sullen humours, and however repeatedly invoked, was determined not to smile on our heroine that night. Lady Grandfield had named the stake, which was very high from the first; but still she played for the same sum 'till all her ready money was gone, and she was considerably in debt, when she proposed to her antagonist a single game, double or quits, for the whole sum. This the colonel accepted, and which took a very short time to decide, for throwing down again point, quint, and quatorze (which, by the bye, this adept could command into his hand as he pleased), the game, as usual, was up without playing a card. Her ladyship now became so much enraged, as to scarcely preserve the common forms of good breeding. The colonel began to fear the violence of her temper, which however it might befriend him in his views on her purse, any thing like a rupture would not facilitate his designs on her person; designs he had long formed, though without the aid of the duchess, who had contrived matters so, to place them at the same table, knowing picquet was a favourite game with the countess, might never have been brought to their present issue: an issue that bid fair to glut both his avarice and lust; nor dare he hazard a quarrel, for that would inevitably blight the fair prospect of hope, now blossoming to view. He therefore began to expatiate largely on the capers of fortune, who had frequently led him a dance, like her ladyship, for a whole evening together, without once changing the tune: and then very respectfully taking her hand, observed, that to night she was truly unlucky—"Would not you prefer, Madam, taking your revenge another time? Whenever your ladyship shall please to do me the honour, I hope fortune will be more favourable." But the colonel was too much a master in the science of duplicity, not to take the almost only step to render a desperate woman still more desperate. What gamester, male or female, who had lost thousands after thousands, 'till every good

principle

principle had followed, and taken flight also, would or could be supposed to have lost spirit into the bargain! To our heroine, the very offer of future revenge, proved, as intended, a spur to the present. By the loss of the last game, she had doubled her losses for the whole evening, and had brought herself in debt to the colonel, somewhat about two thousand pounds, and with the true spirit of a gamester, insisted on playing again for the whole sum.

We shall not follow her ladyship through every game, but after playing 'till day-light, through the shutters, warned them to retire, being almost the last in the room, her ladyship found herself upwards of 10,000l. in debt to the colonel, exclusive of her ready money, which in cash and bank paper amounted to 1500l. more, that day brought to her by the steward, by the earl's order, for the discharge of separate bills. Having thrown up the cards, and the countess making no motion towards retiring, the colonel, being just then at a loss for conversation, began to condole with her on the misfortunes of the evening, artfully concluding with—"Your ladyship may rely on my *honour*, that the occurrences of the night shall never be hinted to Lord Grandfield; your ladyship shall take your own time." The reader will please to notice, that this very honourable colonel had already pocketed gold and bills to the amount of 1500l. therefore this sum was certain, the money being paid; but one third belonged to the duchess, a douceur, as had been privately agreed on to be paid by the colonel to her grace, in consideration of her good nature, as well as adroitness, in placing him first tete-a-tete with the countess, and then drawing her in to picquet for the whole evening, the event of which had raised the colonel's hopes to the highest pitch of exultation, in expectation of possessing one of the finest women in the kingdom, enriching his coffers, and thereby gratifying his avarice, as well as his vanity and pride. But whatever might be the colonel's feelings, those of his intended victim can be much easier guessed at than described. She sat the prototype of despair! A ghastly paleness had overspread her countenance, as she had fixed her elbow on the table, resting her cheek on her hand, her eyes fixed immoveably on the floor; the colonel's honourable offer of concealment, and other condolatory matter entirely unheeded, and she appeared wrapt in dreadful perplexity, when suddenly starting from her reverie, she requested the groom of the chambers to bring a fresh pack of cards, to spread them on the table with their faces downwards, and that neither the colonel nor herself should handle them. The latter, greatly surprised at such a manœuvre, very gravely enquired, if her ladyship wished, at that late hour, to play on?

" It is my wish, Sir, to retrieve, if possible, my losses, and I have an undoubted right to demand satisfaction, if within your power."

This was spoken with so menacing an air, accompanied with such a frenzied look, that with an antagonist of his own sex, the colonel could have interpreted it but one way, namely a challenge, and the affair to be decided on the spot: but as no missile weapon could be employed against a beautiful woman, he was really at a loss for her meaning, and very seriously requested an explanation?

" I have already declared that I will retrieve, by one desperate effort, the whole of my losses if I can; if not, I can but be wholly ruined. I do not say my money is unfairly won; of that, colonel, you are the best judge, but I have my doubts; and this is not a time for compliment, or prevarication. These cards have passed neither through your hands or mine, and whatever is the result must be the fair work of chance. I challenge you to tally with me for the whole sum I have lost this night, on the turn up of a single card, double or quits. If I win, it is well; if I lose, it must be fairly."

Such a proposal could not have been expected; the colonel was petrified; the risk was too great for his diabolical designs; he was not to finger the cards, consequently had not an opportunity to dispose of them advantageously to himself; if she won, and the chance was equal, he lost not only the debt that was to pave the way to future scenes of love and rapture, but the cash in hand, which his avarice was determined to secure; besides he was too amenable to the duchess, his coadjutrix in this vile business, for her share; with her he could not play false, or presume to disoblige, or he should lose the opportunity of *pillage*, by being shut out of her parties, in future. These were all weighty considerations, and he even dared to remonstrate, offering, as before, to play the single game for the whole sum, or bet to any amount she pleased; but the countess insisted on double or quits on the single card, as before stipulated, Thus urged, he could no longer as a gentleman rescind. Tremblingly he seized a card, but the fates had resolved; they both turned, and our heroine lost!

This last stroke against her she bore with the utmost composure; not an exclamation, or even a sigh, escaped her, but motioning to withdraw, the colonel offered his hand to lead her to her chair, when, to his great amazement, Lord Woodly stepped from an inner room, and seizing her hand, led her out, without seeming to observe the colonel. As to the countess, she was past observing any thing; her mind was a perfect calm, where one rational thought could not intrude; her motions were merely mechanical, and it was not 'till the loud rap of the footman had rouzed Mrs. Fidget, who had been some hours fast asleep

asleep with the Princess of Cleves in her hand, that her ladyship was roused to a sense of being at home, and once more in her dressing-room. On Fidget placing a chair, she threw herself into it without speaking, and resting her head on her hand, appeared in a state of stupefaction, 'till her woman, with repeated solicitation, prevailed on her to undress. This task, between the yawns of Fidget, was at last accomplished; and it was not 'till her ladyship was approaching her chamber, that Fidget recollected to inform her—"His honour, my lord, had ordered a bed in another room to be prepared for him, saying he would not have his rest disturbed, or broke in upon in future."

We must here observe, that though the blame attached to her ladyship's conduct, had occasioned the earl and her not to live on the most amicable terms, yet the fashionable mode of separating beds had never been adopted, proposed, nor even thought of on either side, living still in the same house. To hug a lonely pillow had become so frequent with his lordship, that to have embraced one this night in particular would have been no novelty, but her ladyship had treated his remonstrances with an indignity his pride could not brook, had roused his feelings to something like jealousy; and that too with a notorious sharper, a man whose character was universally known, and as universally detested. Lord Woodly had kept a watchful eye on the countess, long before Lord Grandfield entered the room; he had observed his nephew's rage at seeing his wife so engaged, his endeavours to break up the party without success, and his chagrin in consequence. With sincere grief of heart, he beheld pride, jealousy, resentment, and all the warring elements of human passions and anxieties labouring hard in the stung bosom of his kinsman, that "all within was anarchy and uproar," and fearing for the effects in so public a place, should further provocation be given, prevailed on his lordship to withdraw, and leave the countess to his protection; pledging himself not to quit the rooms whilst her ladyship remained, nor to lose sight of herself, 'till he had seen her safe under his lordship's roof.

(To be continued.)

REPORT *of the* PHYSICIANS *respecting* VACCINATION.

THE royal college of physicians of London have, in consequence of the address to his majesty, voted last session by the house of commons, presented to parliament a very interesting report on cow-pox inoculation. The report is accompanied with an appendix, containing the opinions of the royal colleges of physicians of Edinburgh and Dublin; and

of the royal college of surgeons of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The result of the investigations of these learned bodies is decisively in favour of the practice of vaccine inoculation, and the publication of the report, with the documents annexed to it, must tend greatly to remove the prejudices which have hitherto retarded the progress of Dr. Jenner's important discovery. The following observations in the report merit, in a particular manner, the attention of the public :—

"The security derived from vaccination against the small pox, if not absolutely perfect, is as nearly so as perhaps can be expected from any human discovery; for amongst several hundred thousand cases, with the results of which the college have been made acquainted, the number of alledged failures has been surprisingly small, so much so as to form certainly no reasonable objection to the general adoption of vaccination; for it appears that there are not nearly so many failures, in a given number of vaccinated persons, as there are deaths in an equal number of persons inoculated for the small-pox. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the superiority of vaccination over the inoculation of the small-pox than this consideration; and it is a most important fact, which has been confirmed in the course of this enquiry, that in almost every case, where the small-pox has succeeded vaccination, whether by inoculation or casual infection, the disease has varied much from its ordinary course; it has neither been the same in the violence, nor in the duration of its symptoms, but has, with very few exceptions, been remarkably mild, as if the small-pox had been deprived, by the previous vaccine disease, of all its usual malignity.

"The testimonies before the college of physicians are very decided in declaring that vaccination does less mischief to the constitution, and less frequently gives rise to other diseases, than the small-pox, either natural or inoculated.

"The college feel themselves called upon to state this strongly, because it has been objected to vaccination, that it produces new, unheard-of, and monstrous diseases. Of such assertions no proofs have been produced, and, after diligent enquiry, the college believe them to have been either the inventions of designing, or the mistakes of ignorant men. In these respects then, in its mildness, its safety, and its consequences, the individual may look for the peculiar advantages of vaccination. The benefits which flow from it into society are infinitely more considerable; it spreads no infection, and can be communicated only by inoculation. It is from a consideration of the pernicious effects of the small-pox, that the real value of vaccination is to be estimated. The natural small-pox has been supposed to destroy a sixth part of all whom it attacks; and that even in inoculation, where that has been general in parishes

and

and towns, about one in 300 has usually died. It is not sufficiently known, or not adverted to, that nearly one tenth, some years more than one tenth of the whole mortality in London, is occasioned by the small pox; and however beneficial the inoculation of the small-pox may have been to individuals, it appears to have kept up a constant source of contagion, which has been the means of increasing the numbers of deaths by what is called the natural disease. It cannot be doubted that this mischief has been extended by the inconsiderate manner in which great numbers of persons, ever since the introduction of vaccination, are still every year inoculated with the small-pox, and afterwards required to attend two or three times a week at the places of inoculation, through every stage of their illness..

"From this, then, the public are to expect the great and uncontroverted superiority of vaccination, that it communicates no casual infection; and while it is a protection to the individual, it is not prejudicial to the public."

The papers transmitted by the royal colleges of physicians and surgeons at Edinburgh, prove that vaccination is practiced to a great extent, and with the most marked success, in Scotland. The testimony of the latter body, in whose hands all the practice of inoculation in that part of the country is placed, is remarkably strong. They say:—

"The practice of inoculation, both in private, and at the vaccine institution established here (Edinburgh) in 1801, is increasing so rapidly, that for two or three years past the small-pox has been reckoned rather a rare occurrence, even amongst the lower orders of the inhabitants of this city, unless in some particular quarters about twelve months ago; and among the higher ranks of the inhabitants the disease is unknown. The members of the royal college of surgeons of Edinburgh have much pleasure in reporting, that, as far as their experience goes, they have no doubt of the permanent security against the small-pox, which is produced by the constitutional affection of the cow-pox; and that such has hitherto been their success in vaccination, as also to gain for it the confidence of the public, insomuch that they have not been required, for some years past, to inoculate any person with small-pox, who had not previously undergone the inoculation with the cow-pox."

A letter from the secretary of the royal college of surgeons in Ireland contains the report of the committee of that body, which states as follows:—

"That it is the opinion of this committee, that the cow-pox has been found to be a mild disease, and rarely attended with danger, or any alarming symptom, and that the few cases of small-pox which have occurred in this country after supposed vaccination, have been satisfactorily proved to have arisen

from accidental circumstances, and cannot be attributed to the want of efficacy in the genuine vaccine infection, as a preventive of small-pox.

"That it is the opinion of this committee, that the causes which have hitherto retarded the more general adoption of vaccination in Ireland, have in a great measure proceeded from the prejudices of the lower classes of the people, and the interest of some irregular practitioners."

The report of the royal college of surgeons of London states, that in the greater number of counties in England, from which reports have been received, vaccination appears to be increasing, but that it is on the decrease in the metropolis. Among the causes assigned for this decrease, are the publications which have appeared against the practice, and the popular prejudices.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

SPIRITUAL COURT, July 10.

STEPHENS v. ANN MAY.

IN this case, the counsel for the plaintiff contended, that the marriage was void to all intents and purposes, because the defendant being of the name of Ann May, the banns had been published under the name of Ann Wright: The husband had continued to cohabit with her for a long time, and several children were born, the fruit of their connexion. No motive of fraud was shewn, for her having assumed the name of Wright; and when she was reproached with having abandoned her real distinction, she laughed, and intimated, that it was a matter of no consequence.

Sir William Scott, after stating the general nature and object of the proceedings, said, that it appeared most clearly that the proper name of the wife, by the evidence of her sister and other witnesses, had been Ann May; and it was also shewn, that the publication of the banns was in the name of Ann Maria Wright. It also was seen, that in the woman or any one else, there was no motive of fraud. The fact then being proved of the misnomer, the question was, if, under the act of the 26th Geo. II. the marriage were null and void; and also whether the court, before pronouncing its decree, should require some additional evidence for the sake of the children, two of whom were yet living. The parties had continued together for seven years; but if, under the statute, the marriage was void *ab initio*, no length of time could cure the defect. The marriage act required, that there should be either a publication of banns, or

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a licence. In this case, there was a publication of banns, and if it were not under the real names, there was no legal publication; because the persons who might be interested in preventing the marriage, could not by such publication, know who were the parties to be united under that solemn contract; and thus parents and guardians might be defrauded, without the possibility of counteracting the deception. Whether a name of reputation as distinguished from the name of descent, were sufficient, and in what cases it should be so, was a subject of serious consideration. In some instances, it might happen, that the name by repute was more familiar than the true name, and that the former would subserve more effectually the purpose contemplated in the statute. The decisions of this court had been uniform, and it was held that the publication of banns must be in the proper names of the parties, but there was no express determination in the case of a name by repute. The fact being proved, that the name of the defendant was Ann May, and that the publication of the banns was in the name of Ann Maria Wright, the learned judge, after discussing the bearing of the evidence, said, that he had no hesitation in declaring, that the marriage was void *ab initio*, and that the long interval which had elapsed had made no alteration in the applicability of the law to the situation of these parties. He must therefore pronounce that they were not man and wife.

ANECDOTES *of* TENHOVE,

A LEARNED DUTCHMAN.

TENHOVE was born in Holland of a noble family, and by his mother's side was related to Fagel, the grand pensionary, or first minister, of the united provinces. He was perhaps the most elegant, if not the most profound scholar of his age or country. He was so thoroughly skilled in the classics, that every ancient author was familiar to him, though he principally delighted in poetry and the belles-lettres. He was so passionate an admirer of Horace, that he could repeat almost every line in that poet. He was also intimately acquainted with the modern languages of Italy, Germany, France, and England. The literature of this country was in particular a favourite subject with him. Shakespeare, whom he always considered the true poet of nature, was long his peculiar study. French he both spoke and wrote with so much fluency and ease, as not to be distinguished from a native of France. It was in the language of that country, that he wrote his history. His very affluent fortune enabled him to travel in the most sumptuous style, accompanied by a numerous train of friends and domes-

tics. On his return from Sicily, he imprudently ventured to explore the antiquities of Pestum. The consequence proved fatal to many of his party, who fell victims to the mal-aria of that destructive spot. Tenhove himself did not escape. Though not immediately fatal, the cruel disorder hung on him ever after. He lingered but a very few years after his return to Holland.

As a finished scholar and an elegant writer, he may, perhaps, rank with the best authors of the last century. He has, however, left little behind him. His house of Medici, by which he is best known, is an unfinished work, and consists of an undigested mass of materials, which he would have expanded into a regular narrative, had he lived. This want of method, however, is compensated by the elegance of the style, the beauty of the classical allusions, and the taste the author every where displays for the fine arts.

A principal merit is in the short, but correct and pleasing accounts which he gives of the literati and virtuosi who lived during the time of the Medici, or were patronized by them. Tenhove's taste in painting and poetry was exquisite; and his love for the arts, and his veneration for the great men who made them flourish, have drawn him into digressions and detached chapters out of all bounds. In fact, the historical is the least considerable part of the work.

GILTSPUR-STREET.

GILTSPUR-STREET, (says Stow) was formerly called Knightrider-street, and both that by Doctors Commons and this for the same reason; the knights with their gilt spurs riding that way from the Tower Royal to entertain the king and his nobles with justs and tournaments in Smithfield. They rode from the Tower Royal, through Great and Little Knightrider-streets, up Creed-lane to Ludgate, and thence up Giltspur-street to Smithfield.

The golden or gilt spurs were the distinctive mark of a knight, those of a squire being always of silver. The original spurs were mere goads, fastened to the heel of the shoe, as appears from a seal of Alain Fergent, duke of Bretany, in 1084, and many other instances. Rowels were afterwards invented, and the size of these was gradually increased to such a degree, that in the reign of Charles VII. they were nearly as broad as a man's hand, and the necks of the spurs were about six inches long. At the creation of a knight, the king or prince who conferred the order, generally buckled on the spurs with his own hands: and as this was the first ceremony of investment, so the hacking of the spurs was the first act of degradation. (Way's Fabliaux, vol. i. p. 251.)

An ANECDOTE.

IT is well known, that that brave man, and experienced officer, Sir Walter Raleigh, was imprisoned, for a great length of time, in the Tower of London, in the reign of James the First, and afterwards put to death. Prince Henry, the son of the monarch who caused the gallant seaman to be beheaded, often would observe, "that no other king but his father would keep such a bird as Sir Walter Raleigh was, closely confined in a cage."

The late Admiral Keppel's Visit to the Dey of Algiers.

WHILE this gentleman commanded the squadron up the Mediterranean, frequent complaints were made to the ministry by the merchants of the piracies of the Algerines. These complaints were passed over, 'till two ships richly laden were taken and carried into Algiers. This was so flagrant an infraction of treaties, that the ministry could no longer be silent. Accordingly orders were sent to the admiral to sail into the harbour of Algiers, and demand a restitution from the dey, and, in case of refusal, he had an unlimited power to make reprisals.

The admiral's squadron anchored in the bay of Algiers, opposite the dey's palace. He went on shore, attended only by his captain and barge's crew. Proceeding to the palace, he demanded an audience; and being conducted into the dey's presence, he laid open his embassy, and, in his master's name, demanded satisfaction for the injuries done to the subjects of his Britannic majesty. Surprised and enraged at the boldness of the admiral's remonstrances, the dey exclaimed, "that he wondered at the English king's insolence, in sending him a foolish, beardless boy." The admiral replied, "that if his master had supposed that wisdom had been measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent his deyship a he-goat."

Unused to such language from the sycophants of his own court, this reply put him beside himself; and, forgetting the laws of nations in respect to ambassadors, he ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, at the same time telling the admiral he should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved with this menace, the admiral took him to a window facing the bay, and shewing him the English fleet riding at anchor, told him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The dey was wise enough to take the hint: the admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to Belinda's Enigma, inserted May 25.

YOUR mystic whole, if I'm correct,
The useful PADLOCK will detect.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe.

Answer, by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton, to H. Ellis's Rebus, inserted May 25.

BAR, HUT, and TON, aright transpose,
Then ARBUTHNOT you will disclose.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. D. of Bristol; J. Lewis, of Poole; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; J. Ryan; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; and R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to J. C.'s Charade, inserted June 1.

THE rigging of the ship, Sir, I declare,
You'll find entrusted to the BOATSWAIN's care.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. R. S. R. of Awliscombe; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Ryan; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Colley, and Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; W. D. of Bristol; G. A. T. Arden, of South Petherton; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; and W. Bickham, of Ashburton.

A CHARADE, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

THE pious man, with heart sincere,
Requests that Heaven my first may hear;
My second you may also find,
To study well he is inclin'd;
Moreo'er you're find, within my whole,
The breathings of the pious soul.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

MY first you'll find to be a tree;
My second, Sirs, a fruit;
My third, let it a flower be;
My fourth a garden root;
An herb you'll name to find my last,
So do it at your leisure;
Join the initials of the past,
You'll find my whole's for pleasure.

A REBUS, *by R. Trewavas, of Mousehole.*

FOR arts and arms my first was once renown'd;
My second oft in loving themes abounds;
My third you'll find a learned infidel;
An animal esteem'd my fourth will tell;
Lastly, ye gents. a wond'rous king explain,
The dread and terror of the savage train:
My whole gives pleasure to the youth and sage,
Tho' crimson torrents flow in every page.

POETRY.

Verses written by Miss Betty Pitt (Sister to the first Earl of Chatham) about the Year 1750.

HAPPY the virgin state, each maid how blest,
'Till cruel love invades her tender breast!
I once was blest with all that Heav'n could give,
And Pope and Shakespeare read from morn 'till eve;
For those I left th' embroider'd eldest son,
Tho' many courted, I ne'er heeded one;
Like not Amynta, but in Tasso's strain,
While Digby was my constant swain;
Intent alone my joys in books to find,
And all my wishes an accomplish'd mind:
My wish arriv'd, and just when happy made
Digby stepp'd in, and love must be obey'd!
Digby, so Heav'n ordain'd, my bliss supreme,
My midday sentiment, my midnight dream!
Good humour, beauty, wit, and radiant youth,
With the too specious charm, secure in truth;
Conspir'd to make that hero all divine,
Conspir'd to make me wish that hero mine.

In notes more sweet than Philomela sings,
He said a thousand, look'd ten thousand things;
Gods! how he look'd, when to my ravish'd sight
My fate first shew'd him as the north-star bright;
Where'er he fix'd like that, or light as air,
He quits his love, and seeks another fair!
E'en now regardless of my sense or charms,
He flies to Sally, happy Sally's arms!
O! aid me, Murray*; call my wand'ring swain,
Thy tuneful tongue shall never call in vain;
O! hear me, Murray! pity, Murray move,
And plead the cause, the sweetest cause of love!
But farewell, hope! my once lov'd books adieu,
Avaunt philosophy and Murray too!
Digby, dear Digby, weds this fatal night,
Pope, I deny, "whatever is, is right."

* The first earl of Mansfield.

The SAILOR's MOTHER.

[From Wordsworth's Poems.]

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time)
A woman in the road I met,
Not old, tho' something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight,
And like a Roman matron was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead:
Old times, thought I are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair.

She

She begg'd an alms, like one in poor estate;
I look'd at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
With the first word I had to spare
I said to her, " Beneath your cloak
" What's that which on your arm you bear?"
She answer'd soon as she the question heard,
" A simple burthen, Sir, a little singing bird."

And thus continuing, she said,
" I had a son, who many a day
" Sail'd on the seas; but he is dead;
" In Denmark he was cast away;
" And I have been as far as Hull to see
" What clothes he might have left, or other property.

" The bird and cage they both were his;
" 'Twas my son's bird; and neat and trim
" He kept it: many voyages
" This singing-bird hath gone with him;
" When last he sail'd he left the bird behind:
" As it might be, perhaps, from bodings of his mind.

" He to a fellow-lodger's care
" Had left it, to be watch'd and fed,
" 'Till he came back again; and there
" I found it when my son was dead;
" And now, God help me for my little wit!
" I trail it with me, Sir! I took so much delight in it!"

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The GROVE.—*A* SONNET.

HOW sweet, beneath the deep embow'ring grove,
Shelter'd from beaming's Sol's too powerful ray,
To hear the strains of all-pervading love,
Thrilling melodious thro' the live-long day.

And as in rich profusion nature glows,
In all her charms of elegance divine,
There scent the woodbine sweet, and balmy rose,
Mix'd with the rich perfumes of eglantine.

And as the zephyrs, on expanding wing,
Soft breathing their kind influence impart,
While objects round that in succession bring,
Still something new to captivate the heart:
How lovely midst the sweet enlivening train,
Nature to contemplate in all her charms array'd.

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

AN HISTORICAL EPITAPH.

MY grandmother was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perish'd, with a mortification in his thighs,
My sister dropp'd down dead in the Minories.
But the reason why I'm here interr'd, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living, and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing strong.